

SHE BET AND WON.

Experiences of Two Gotham Girls
at the Race Track.

THEIR PRELIMINARY TRIALS

From the Grand Stand They Saw Berry Wall's
Trousers and Some Very Good
Racing.

This is the time of year when, finding it too sultry to do her shopping or promenading or even to stop at home in a darkened room with a palm leaf fan, the latest novel and a pitcher of iced punch, the young New York woman says to herself: "I think I will go to the races." So she puts on her most fetching frock and sets



A HORSE RENOWNED FOR WHOOPIING.

out for the apartments of her dearest woman friend. She at once shows into the dimly-lit room where her friend stands before her lace draped toilet table covered with fat cushions and silver brushes and things, putting the powder on her saucy little nose, and stopping long enough to inform the newcomer that she is a hopeless idiot for going out that she will wish she were dead before she reaches the grand stand.

However, as the young woman persists in her infatuation the friend agrees to die with her. So she climbs into her smart gray satin coat, her maid ties the small gray suede shoes, she covertly thrusts her red velvet powder tag into her pocket and some money in her purse, and states that she is now ready to be gruffed alive.

They get down one flight of stairs. "Good gracious! I've forgotten the tickets," and back she goes to the foot of the stairs, and lifts up her voice for the bits of pastaboard which will give them a private box among the swells and the opera bouffe people, instead of sitting back with the "vulgar herd."

Another start. "Ye gods! how burning—I shall roast. I must have a fan." Back again, and the little woman, announcing that probably there isn't a house in town so renowned for whooping, yells up the stairs for her big black fan. Down it comes in the small hands upstretched to receive it, and once more they set out. This time it is not a false start. They board a boulevard car, for they must stop at the Grand Central depot for an imbecile female who has misunderstood directions and who has telegraphed she will meet them there at 12:30.

This she is not there. Of course not. Who ever knew a woman to be at a place at a given time? They rush through the great depot looking wildly around for an escaped female, they tackle the guards and ask if they have seen a woman in a mauve gown with a black lace hat. The men grin sleepily and say "No," and as it is now 1 o'clock they conclude that the third woman may go to the demitison howwows, and once more turn their faces toward the Third Avenue Elevated station. A whirl up to Harlem and then, as they descend the stairs, they are surrounded by the hack drivers, who beg and beseech for the inestimable privilege of driving them over to the station.

In a weak moment they yield to their blandishments and listen to the voice of the charmer. "A quarter apiece," says the man in shirt sleeves who assists them into the ramshackle old ark in which they are to make their triumphant progress. "Well, why don't you start?" they ask the driver, after waiting vainly five minutes for a move.

"We want to get two more, mum."

"Never mind two more. We're in a hurry. Go on."

"Cost you a half dollar apiece then," he snarls. What are they to do? Be cheated and imposed upon in this fashion? Never. Blue blood boils at the thought, and seeing a meat hansom approaching they signal it, and amid a perfect roll of yells, curses and expletives they disdainfully leave the "housewife" and drive proudly away in the cab, vain as peacocks to think they have outwitted a hack driver.



NOT TO BE BULLIED BY A CABBY. Crossing Harlem bridge and noting the crowd that is going up in the train, our girl's heart sinks and she decides to drive there providing the driver does not demand a week's salary for the luxury. For a wretched, doubtless because she has seen the cabby and come over to his side, he is inclined not to ask her a sum quite equal to the national debt, so presently the two are bowling along a lovely country road where the trees meet overhead and the pungent odor of the pines steals from the woods and God's own sky can be seen one more.

At last the grand stand, gay with flags, looms up before them and alighting from the hansom they are seized by a stout dandy and vigorously brushed although there isn't a speck of dust on their fresh toilet. "Is it up that magnificent promenade and down the stairs through a shouting crowd to the track? They may think this ovation is for them; but it isn't. A race is just finished and the scarlet jacket is

clinging to the neck of his horse as he speeds him home, and a prominent comic opera star in the box next theirs is opening her mouth wider than she ever did on the stage as she sees her favorite win.

Look about! Tier after tier of faces, crowded boxes and a vast army of men down below on the turf. Handsome women, well known women, women of the masses and women of the half world. There is Rosina Vokes yonder smiling down at her husband, who stalks about with two friends, looking exceedingly happy. "I don't think Berry Wall is such a very well dressed man," says a little woman near by. "See how crumpled his trousers are," and looking down on the king of the dudes our girl honestly thinks there are hundreds of men present who are better dressed.

Look at this crowd of comedians and singers in the next box. The star who has just won wears a pink gown which is sadly unbecoming. The girl next her looks as if she had just stepped out of a kitchen and another is as dark as the queen of spades. How different from the bougie of the night before, when "these dazzling creatures turned the heads of half the old chaps in town. On the other side sits a handsome snow-haired, black-eyed man, a well known broker, and our girl smiles wickedly as she remembers the story of one of his conquests at the sea shore. The showy woman with him is not his wife, but the wife of his friend.

See the gorgeous raiment of that woman yonder. Solomon in all his glory would be nothing beside her, while the best dressed woman present, as far as our girl can see, is one who wears a gray gown and gray tulle bonnet, with a cluster of violets nestling in its fluffy folds. On her shapely breast is a knot of violets, and she daintily holds a gray silk parasol by its silver handle.

"See my racing handkerchief," says a little woman displaying a tiny affair embroidered in designs of jockey caps, whips and horseshoes. One woman has her white waistcoat embroidered in scarlet horse shoes, and she looks dreadfully horsey.

Now they go down stairs for luncheon, where again they see many types of women. There is the woman in her best black silk. She looks thoroughly uncomfortable, as she ought. There is the woman who stares. She cannot eat for staring at her neighbors. She twists her neck nearly off trying to see what the people at the next table are paying for their luncheon. She is so fearful that something will get away



WINNING HER FIRST WAGER.

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ing life a burden for the keepers of aristocratic opium smoking dens in New York city. Pretending that she was a victim of the pipe habit she secured access to various



IDA RADCLIFFE.

uptown "joints" and then furnished confidential information to the police, who raided the places and arrested the proprietors and inmates. The Radcliffe girl's doings caused a great flutter among opium devotees and the other night one of them struck her down in a hallway. She managed to escape to a police station, where protection was given her.

In the course of her career as a detective Miss Ida furnished the reporters with several romantic tales regarding herself and the reasons why she pursued so relentlessly the keepers of "pipe joints." She related the sad history of a father and brother wrecked mind and body by the habit, whom she had sworn to avenge, but the search light of inquiry when turned on her past revealed the fact that her relatives are reputable residents of Brooklyn, do not bear the name of Radcliffe, and by no means approve of the life Miss Ida has been leading for some years. In a word she is not an avenging Nemesis, but a hired employee of the police department.

A FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST.

She Has Saved Many a Person from a Felony's Cell.

The prisoner's friend. That is the title which Mrs. Ernestine Schaffner, of New York city, has gained because of her years' work on behalf of accused persons who are penniless.

Every day she visits the Tombs, and once a month she goes to Sing Sing searching for cases where power and opportunity have combined in an effort to crush the weak, the unfortunate or the oppressed. Since she is detaching her self imposed mission Mrs. Schaffner has become surety for hundreds of people, and only one has violated her confidence by "jumping" his bail. Nearly all the persons whose causes were advocated by her have been acquitted. Their legal expenses she has defrayed out of her own means.

Mrs. Schaffner is the wife of a retired merchant, and has an elegant home on West Fifth street, but the comforts of domesticity have in a large degree been sacrificed by her that she might devote time, intelligence and money to securing the proper ends of justice.

PLUNDERED THE FREIGHT TRAINS.

A Man Whose Nerve Failed Him Now in Custody.

He stole \$50,000 worth of goods within the short space of a year.

This is the record which railway officials and detectives claim has been made by Alonzo E. Hutchison, formerly a yard switchman of the Denver and Rio Grande railway at Silda, Colo.

For months the managers of transportation companies had suffered mental pangs and pecuniary losses because of the claims of patrons whose goods had disappeared en route. An inquiry begun last winter last narrowed down to the hamlet of Silda, 250 miles west of Denver, where all freight trains come to a halt.

The place swarmed with detectives, who failed to detect anything until Hutchison, who was not suspected, fled, after shipping two large trunks to Denver. These, on being intercepted and examined, proved to be full of stolen goods, and in the cellar of the fugitive's house was found a great quantity of merchandise belonging to defrauded shippers. After some difficulty Hutchison was located at St. Louis, arrested and taken back to answer for his crimes. He is but 28 years of age and quite intelligent.

Knocked Out by WIM GEES.

From Blandon, Pa., comes the queer story of a battle between birds and man, in which the man came out second best. Irwin W. Dossler, so the tale goes, while fishing in the Merion creek, was attacked by two wild geese. He was standing in the middle of the stream when one of the geese suddenly dropped upon his back and off his hat and sent him rolling and flying into the water. As Dossler grumbled for his hat he received a blow which almost broke his arm and sent him sprawling upon his back. He waded out, but had no sooner reached the bank when another wild goose attacked him and dealt him such severe blows that he was compelled to retreat. He finally crawled up a tree, where he was rescued completely exhausted.

Seven-year-old Herman Felter is badly handicapped in the struggle for existence. He has but one leg and no home. When found in the hallway of a New York tenement house the other night he said that he had been sleeping in cellars and under sidewalks for a year. A street car made a cripple of him.

For three days Mrs. George Marshall, of Anneton, Ala., was a bride. Then she took morphine and killed herself. She and her husband had quarreled over the manner of arranging the furniture in their new home.

A Four Footed Policeman.

One of the most valuable members of the New York police force is a thorax three water spaniel named Leo. He belongs to Sergt. McNamara, and knows a thief by instinct. His latest capture was that of a colored burglar who had in his possession a bundle of stolen fur. Leo placed at the fellow in passing, concluded he was a "bad man," seized him by the seat of the trousers and held on till the arrival of a blue coated officer, who took the prisoner to a station house.

For thirty years, eight months and fifteen days Patrick E. Brady was an inmate of a New York state prison. He was serving a life sentence for murder, but received a pardon from Governor Hill the other day, satisfactory evidence being produced that he was not guilty of the crime. He is going home to Ireland to see if any of the friends of his youth are yet alive.

BREAKING UP OPIUM DENS.

The Work Undertaken by a Female Detective in New York.

Ida Radcliffe is the nom de guerre of a woman who has of late been making

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Men's fine 12-thread Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers (worth \$3.00),	1.25 a suit
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